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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIII. CHICAGO, JULY 6, 1899. NUMBER 19.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE.
Notes 319
A Congress of Unrest 320
The Philippine Tornado—
H. H. Simmons. 320
To-Day's Belief—
Francis A. B. Dunning 321
True vs. False Consolations—
C. C. DILLS. 322

GOOD POETRY—
Bringing Home the Summer—
Emily Huntington Miller. 323

THE PULPIT—
Reinterpreting Religion—
A. H. SPENCE. 324
Sonnet—*James Russell Lowell.* . 326

THE STUDY TABLE—
Literature for Children—
Oscar Lovell Triggs. 326
A Biblical Commentary—F. A. C. .. 327

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 328
Down and Up—*A. Ceylirae* 328
A Smart Donkey—*Humane Alliance.* 328
The New Parlor-Maid—*The Outlook* . 328
The Soldier's Ride—*Exchange* ... 328

THE FIELD 329

....ANNOUNCEMENT....

History of the Bible, Told as if for Those Who Had Never Read It.

The editors are glad to announce that during the vacation weeks arrangements have been made with W. L. Sheldon, Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis, for the publication in UNITY of a series of lectures on the above topic. These lectures were given last winter to St. Louis audiences that continually grew in size and interest. Mr. Sheldon was particularly successful in interesting business men, those who seldom go to church. The lectures will bring out the contrast between the Bible as people used to think about it and the Bible as it is presented to day in the light of the higher criticism. Mr. Sheldon is doubtless right in the assumption that many intelligent persons really know very little about the Bible as it stands in history and literature. The syllabus of the course, given below, will indicate the line of discussion. We are confident that the series will prove of such value that the readers will wish to preserve the copies for their own use and at the same time wish to lend them to their neighbors. When they are over many will regret that they did not make timely provision to secure the whole set.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIII. THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1899. NUMBER 19.

From Milwaukee to Tower Hill, 140 miles of green grass, ripening fields and singing birds, represent the last week's joy of the senior editor and his good horse Roos, and now he is at West Hope, from whence the editorial portions of this paper are dispatched, the first fruit of his summer's work. Some of the mistakes and imperfections for the next two months will be traceable to this long-distance connection.

Chicago last week received a visit from the California poet, Edwin Markham, whose poem, "The Man With the Hoe," has attracted such wide attention and deservedly so. The success of this poem was the immediate cause of the publication of a small volume of poems, in which the above poem occupies the place of honor and gives title to the volume, and negotiations are already afoot for the appearance of a second volume. Of these we hope to have more to say in the future. Now we wish only to protest against the easy way in which the newspapers attached to Mr. Markham's name the word pessimist. He is no pessimist who, seeing the gross inequalities of life, feeling the awful burdens of living, proceeds by the rational method of education and training to correct these inequalities and to lift the burdens from the overtaxed shoulders, and he is no optimist who, from want of insight and the sympathy that gives insight, smilingly denies the inequalities and ignores the burdens. The optimist, indeed, believes in the ultimate triumph of right and the sure working out of the good, and he lends himself joyously to the work of redemption, but the man who thinks that the world is all right as it is, or at least that there is nothing in particular for him to do, that the blind strugglings of the inefficient and the unenlightened are better than the deliberate effort of brained minds, is not an optimist, but a—well, for want of a better name shall we call him—a fool?

Alas for Chicago! Last week one thousand excited and outraged Jews met in a public hall on the West Side to raise a fund to be used in invoking the protection of the law against the indignities that are being offered them by their Christian (!!) neighbors. Able and representative men took part in the meeting, and further meetings are called. It is claimed that three Jews have been killed in Chicago in the last nine months without provocation. Surely, what have we to say against negro lynching in the South and Filipino slaughter in Luzon? Have we not yet escaped the wicked, the senseless prejudice and the wicked inhumanity represented by the word anti-semitism? Shame on the city that makes the following resolutions necessary or possible:

Whereas, The street-attacks against innocent and inoffensive Jews have grown so frequent as to become a danger to the entire Jewish people of this city; and,

Whereas, Several murders of defenseless Jews were recently committed; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Jewish population of the West Side, in mass-meeting assembled, decides to establish a bureau to give legal aid and protection to Jewish people who are thus attacked and to contribute funds for said purpose; and be it further

Resolved, That the mayor of Chicago and chief of police be requested to discharge their whole duty toward the protection of the lives and property of the Jewish people; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the mayor and the chief of police.

The removal of Major R. W. McClaughry as warden of the state penitentiary at Joliet to Fort Leavenworth, Kan., where he will take charge of the United States federal prison at this place, is an event of national significance. Mr. McClaughy is one of the most successful of prison managers in this country, and his success lies in the direction of his progressive and humanitarian theories. He believes in the reconstructive possibilities, even in a convict soul, and his theories are justified by his success. We hope that the more hospitable climate of Kansas will restore his broken health, which is the only cause for his removal from Illinois. Words and works of Mr. McClaughry are often recorded in the proceedings of the American Prison Reform Congress; let these proceedings be sought and studied by as many and as often as possible.

"The University Congregation" is the rather far-away title which President Harper has given to what the newspapers call "The All Powerful Ruling Body of the University." It seems to be a sort of advisory body, without executive functions, consisting of the entire teaching force; only topics of grave importance to the university come before it. This week it has had indeed a "grave question" to discuss, which is none other than the question as to whether university men are to exercise the first privilege, nay, the highest duty, of a cultivated man, viz., the full expression of his deepest convictions on all questions of public import and civic and private ethics. We confess we had supposed that this question matter was a foregone conclusion in the life of the University of Chicago. Indeed, the public has received frequent assurance that it was to be the citadel, not only of free thinking, but of free speaking on all high questions. But the following extract from the letter sent out by Recorder Goodspeed startles us with the implications subtly expressed that there is something better for a university than the maximum individuality of its professors; that there is some way of hurting the university by the free expression on the part of men it deems competent to teach. Here lurks the old medieval conception of the university as an "institution," having an entity, a character and opinions independent of and perhaps antago-

That while it is the privilege of every member of the university to entertain whatsoever opinion he may choose consistic to the opinions and character of the men that constitute its teaching force at any given time.

cerning controverted questions of public interest, and to express that opinion in any proper way and on any proper occasion, it is nevertheless desirable that great care should be taken to avoid involving the university, even by remote implication, in such controverted matters; that all actions and expressions of opinion on such subjects should be scrupulously dissociated from all university relations, so far as possible; that by such scrupulous regard for the good standing of the university in the opinion of all classes real freedom of speech and of action will be promoted.

No matter how the discussion went, there can be but one solution of this problem. A modern professor, like the modern preacher, if he is to be associated with a live institution, must speak for himself and for himself at his maximum. If the "dear public" is stupid enough to persist in misinterpreting or misapplying his speech, let the public be disciplined and not the professor or the preacher. One of the professors is reported to have said: "There is no doubt that discussion of public questions in the past has injured the university." This is an ambiguous and probably a misleading statement. We presume the implication is that such discussion may have interfered with the flow of students and of money toward the university. It may be poorer in purse and fewer in numbers for such discussion, but are there not other hurts more serious to which the university of to-day, like the church, is ever threatened,—the confusing of the ethical sense, the lowering of the moral stamina, the blight of insincerity and the debilitating influence of students that come therefrom? These are the great dangers from which the University of Chicago, like all other universities, must ever pray to be delivered.

The Philippine Tornado.

The recent tornado at New Richmond has raised the usual question whether such disasters can be reconciled with religious talk about the kindness in nature. The reconciliation loses its difficulty when we remember that the tornado is a necessary part of the wind system which fills the earth with blessing. All the movements of the air, from the vast cyclone to the little whirlwind playing in the street, are as orderly as the tide in the sea or planets in the sky. Remembering how this wind system not only sends the breezes to refresh us and carry our commerce around the world, but brings from distant oceans the very water to supply our showers and springs, to feed the rivers and fill our glasses, to furnish life to the fields and to all the millions dependent on them, we shall not complain because the same blessed system now and then necessitates a destructive storm.

But even without remembering this, the tornado is not so cruel as much as the boasted work of man himself. In the museum of the Historical Society at Madison I used to see the wind's power illustrated by a board that it had driven partly through a tree. But near by it stood a gatling gun that had been made with the deliberate purpose of driving more fatal missiles through human beings; not merely once, but 400 times a minute. While men glory in such instruments they cannot logically curse the more innocent artillery of the storm. In any great war a battle which killed no more than did the recent tornado would hardly receive historic mention, perhaps not even be noticed in the newspapers. While we honor Napoleon for campaigns which destroyed two or three millions of men, we ought not to condemn nature even for a disaster that should destroy a thousandth part as many. Her storms are less cruel than cannon, and tornadoes seem quite kind when compared with Christian battleships bombarding cities.

Even our petty war in the Philippines makes the recent tornado seem a trifle. Instead of one village we have destroyed scores of them, and instead of 120 lives we are supposed to have destroyed at least ten thousand. Nor are we even yet satisfied; but the very papers that were so full of pity for the New Richmond sufferers were urging that more soldiers be sent to those islands, so that the fatal work might go on faster. Of course, as American patriots, we must not criticize this burning of homes and butchering of innocent people by our government. But it is proper to make the philosophic reflection that we ought not to call that storm in Wisconsin cruel, when we are week after week sending far more fatal and infernal tornadoes through the Philippine Islands and calling them a work of "humanity."

The comparative kindness of nature is still further seen in the fact that her storms arouse sympathy, while these human tornadoes suppress it. War cultivates brutal feelings, but nature's disasters bring brotherly ones. The very people who think it good to slay Filipinos and loot and burn their homes, and who even went wild with joy at the news of Spanish ships sunk with all their brave sailors, now have their hearts melted with sympathy for the people at New Richmond. Even nature's storms seem working for the brotherhood which war abolishes.

—H. H. SIMMONS.

Minneapolis, Minn.

A Congress of Unrest.

Last week there met in the city of Buffalo a notable body of men, representing all the professions, sects and various walks of life. A few names indicative of the wide range and standing of the gathering will suffice. There were Edwin D. Mead, one of the prime movers, representative of New England character and culture, and editor of the "New England Magazine," and N. O. Nelson of St. Louis, the manufacturer who has secured for himself a world-wide notoriety as the man who undertook to apply advanced social theories to great industrial enterprises and succeeded in both directions. There were Professor Commons of Syracuse, President Gates of Iowa, Dr. Thomas of Chicago and many more. These men are neither pessimists nor agitators. They came with no political axes to grind, they consulted no "bosses" and feared none, but they came as wise men, believing in their age and in their country, but believing that such faith called for action looking toward the betterment of what is already hopeful—the amelioration and final removal of whatever is bad. The gathering was not inaptly called a Congress of Unrest. Therein was its life demonstrated. Only dead or dying men are composed, contented and "at rest."

We are too far removed at present writing from telegraphic information as to the immediate outcome of this gathering. It is safe to say that not much was accomplished in the way of tangible results. It is but just to say that not much was expected. These men were too wise to go in search of panaceas, too deeply

grounded in the scientific method to expect to accomplish by revolution that which comes only by evolution. But we venture also to say that they accomplished much; they helped clear one another's thought and stimulated to independent thinking thousands of others. They prepared the way for the reorganization of political forces. They brought to the front the major questions in American politics to-day, although they are questions, the most of them, either wholly ignored or slightly passed over by the present political parties. If in 1900 the presidential contest is to be fought out on the line of living issues rather than upon traditions, it will be fought out on the pros and cons of the questions of expansion, free trade, more and not less civil service reform. Rigid control of legitimate and as rigid suppression of illicit and watered trusts and public control and ownership of the great natural monopolies, such as street transportation, waterworks, lighting systems, telephone, telegraph and railroad systems, so fast as they can be honorably acquired and efficiently managed; more direct legislation in the way of the initiative and referendum on grave civic problems and the introduction of the principle of proportional representation as a corrective of corrupt politics and a guarantee of the rights of the minority. These are the great issues, and the party that faces these problems from the one side or the other faces live questions and will deserve and receive candid hearing and respectful consideration. Every one of these questions are questions now before the American house and they must be heard. To fearlessly take them up may be disastrous to some interests and more persons for the time being, but they will be short-range defeats in the interest of the long-range triumph.

As contributing to, if not inaugurating, these discussions, we rejoice in the Buffalo congress and regret our inability to attend. We urge upon our readers a careful study of the proceedings of this congress and hope to be able in these columns to give it more attention.

They to whom a boy comes, asking, "Who am I, and what am I to be?" have need of ever so much care. Each word in answer may prove to the after-life what each finger touch of the artist is to the clay he is modeling. The smallest bird cannot light upon the greatest tree without sending a shock to its most distant fiber; every mind is at times no less sensitive to the most trifling words.—*Lew Wallace.*

Mrs. R. E. Spencer of Hammond, Ind., was the first of our subscribers to show her appreciation of UNITY under the new publishing management by presenting the first club of ten new subscribers. Of course it meant work, but it also meant satisfaction over some good wishes changed into good deeds, a kindly intention converted into kindly dollars. Are there not others?

Many mean things are done in the family for which moods are put forward as the excuse, when the moods themselves are the most inexcusable things of all. A man or woman in tolerable health has no moral right to indulge in an unpleasant mood.—*J. G. Holland.*

To-day's Belief.

I do believe no rarer day
  In any June of any year,
From out Time's calendar could stray
  Than this fair one that now is here
I do believe no holier calm,
  In trembling silence ever came;
A Sunday sermon and a psalm,
  A worship without creed or name.

I do believe no sweeter rest,
  From heart of nature and of God,
E'er met a striving pilgrim's quest
  Or soothed the feet that upward trod.
Though I believe that as of old
  No upward step a foot can gain,
Or life a better treasure hold
  Save through the crucible of pain.

I do believe that on the way
  Our world has reached a farther height,
And stands in prophecy to-day,
  Almost transfigured in the light.
But all the way the centuries show
  A panorama, sad and sweet,
Of upturned faces, still aglow
  With life's "victorious defeat."

—*Frances A. B. Dunning*

Let us teach the children, show them, that Order and Beauty are the Way of Life; that he who would be blest in his daily walk, and at last reach any heaven worth having, must in his daily walk seek simplicity, and independence, and good; must think for himself, decide for himself, act for himself (of course, first making himself competent); must abjure all evil and every show of evil, whether in mind or heart or life, in business or politics, or religion; grasping as the soul's sure stay and lure the Good in Nature, the Better Good to be, and the fact that on man and man's faithfulness— * * * the realizing of the Better Good depends.—*From "Our Other Selves," by James H. West.*

The world's history is a divine poem of which the history of every nation is a canto and of every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and, though there have been mingled the discords of roaring cannon and dying men, yet the Christian philosopher and historian—the humble listener—there has been a divine melody running through the song which speaks of hope and halycon days to come.—*James A. Garfield.*

Little joys refresh us constantly, like house-bread, and never bring disgust; and great ones, like sugar-bread, briefly, and then bring it. * * * Be every minute, man, a full life to thee. Despise anxiety, and wishing, the future and the past. * * * Look upon fame as the talk of neighbors at the street door; a library as a learned conversation; joy as a second, sorrow as a minute, life as a day; and three things as all in all—God, creation, virtue. * * * A scholar has no ennui.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

The recognition of the brotherhood of all men, while it is necessarily breaking in pieces forms of society builded upon a narrower principle, is also working toward the growing together of mankind into a new state, embracing all mankind, and whose law shall fill and pervade every man's nature. As respects mankind alone, that state will be a republic, a commonwealth, its law being the law which shines in all martyrdom for liberty or for humanity—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—*Joseph Emerson.*

It's no my view o' human life that a man's sent into the world just to save his soul, an' creep out again. An' I said I wad leave the savin' o' my soul to Him that made my soul; it was in richt gude keepin' there, I'd warrant.—*Charles Kingsley, in "Alton Locke."*

True vs. False Consolations.

It would seem that any full-grown man of the present civilization would reap more comfort from truth than error, and would gladly exchange error for truth. But that such is not the case in theology, "see what strong intellects dare not hear God himself," and cling to dogmas positively demoniacal and blasphemous, imputing to God the very worst of human traits, and calling this religion!

As each of the world's many theologic cycles has witnessed a change in orthodoxies, sufficiently disproving their divinity, why not abandon dogmatic theology in favor of the more promising results of fostering pure ethics alone? Sincere church workers for good can no longer afford to have the brightest and best of men saying to their hearts, "What is incredible to thee thou shalt not, at thy soul's peril, attempt to believe," and to the church, "Adieu, thy road is that way, mine is this."

Various considerations tend to undue conservatism, prominent among which has ever been the threat, "He that believeth not shall be damned." The absurdity of this threat as from God is apparent to anyone "once admitted to the right of reason" and free to consult his own consciousness. Nothing can be plainer than that our beliefs must conform to our conceptions. And yet, the monstrous dogma that disbelief merits damnation, is inseparable from even present orthodoxy. As proof of this, and also as illustrating positive blasphemy in our orthodoxy, I make two quotations, the first from the most noted of recent European divines. He says: "Talk of decrees, I will tell you of a decree, 'He that believeth not shall be damned.' That is a decree and statute that can never change. Be as good as you please, be as moral as you can, be as honest as you will, walk as uprightly as you may, there stands the unchangeable threatening, 'He that believeth not shall be damned.' Could you take murder and blasphemy and lust and adultery and fornication, and everything that is vile, and unite them into one vast globe of black corruption, they would not equal the sin of unbelief. This is the monarch sin, the quintessence of guilt, the mixture of the venom of all crimes, the dregs of the mire of Gomorrah; it is the All-sin, the masterpiece of Satan, the chief work of the Devil." I insist upon it that, if acceptance of error ever merits damnation, the acceptance of such a sentiment does. As further illustrating the despicable in our orthodoxy, I quote from the most noted of American divines. He says: "Think of the meanest thing you ever heard of; then go down a thousand feet underneath it, and you will find yourself at the top of a stairs a hundred miles long; go to the bottom of the stairs and you will find a ladder a thousand miles long; then go to the foot of the ladder and look off a precipice half as far as from here to China, and you will find the headquarters of the meanness that would rob this world of its only comfort in life, its only peace in death, and its only hope for immortality." Such ostracism of disbelievers is like burning heretics. And while this may have been a comfort to fanatics, we can hardly think hell would be a special comfort to any one, or see how the belief in it for our friends is necessarily "the only comfort in life, peace in death, or hope of immortality."

But what sad havoc superstition has ever played with moral sentiments! Generations will be required to recover normal conditions, even after the cessation of such expressions as the following, from the divine just quoted: "I confess to you an infinite fear, a consuming horror of death, unless Christ shall be with me. Unless there be some supernatural illumination I shudder from it. My whole nature revolts at it." This is a very unfortunate sentiment for the many Unitarians and others who cannot accept the "supernatural," and shows its superstitious origin withal in being unnatural. General Grant, in contrast with this divine, would have established his claim to greatness in his last sickness had he never done so before, when saying, "I am not afraid to go where so many millions have gone before me." Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "Death bears as pleasant a face to an old man as sleep does to one who is tired." The Roman poet, Lucian, said: "The gods conceal from men the happiness of death that they may endure life." As a matter of fact, normal conditions exclude much thought of death; even in fatal sickness it is not usually anticipated, while death itself is nearly always absolutely painless. Unless reminded of it by "extreme unction," or orthodox friends goading on to repentance, the dying are only conscious of a strong desire to rest, to sleep; this last desire gratified,

> "The storms that wreck the wintry sky
> No more disturb their sweet repose
> Than summer evening's latest sigh
> That shuts the rose."

But the divine above quoted says: "When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lips, we do not want anybody poetizing around us. Death is loathsomeness and midnight, and there is wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture, unless Christ shall be with us." Ah! then to have the "tendrils snap and curl in the torture" at every death without Christ, becomes your boasted consolation beyond a peradventure! Sure enough, orthodoxy insists that "salvation is unquestionably annexed to a right understanding of the Godhead," despite the "sincere perplexity of honest minds" on this point. And at each of these deaths without Christ there is the same wringing of hearts, the same appeal to the unresponsive form, the same intensifying of even finite love and tenderness, until it would seem both impious and infamous to suggest aught but tenderness for the departed at the hands of infinite love. And yet, at this most agonizing moment of human experience, strict orthodoxy steps in with more than savage ferocity for God, saying: "These shall go away into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!"

Such creeds are monstrous beyond language to express, as beliefs of intelligent beings, and though such dogmas are repugnant to heart and soul, our boasted civilization continues them to a disgraceful extent. One is tempted to fall in with those who question the reality of existence itself, when he contemplates even the positive orthodoxies of Christendom. Are we possibly awake? or is all this history of dogmatic religion but a dreadful nightmare? Surely, a fearful responsibility rests upon such as through sheer cringing or sycophantic deference for outgrown tenets, relegate to undue conservatism the concerns of our tenderest sensibilities, to have them ever and anon "snap and curl in the torture" of liberties taken with our hapless dead.

But the divine quoted continues his tirades on disbelievers all the same. He even presumes, in the name of God, to command them to "Stand up!" and orders them to "Get out, you miserable paupers of the universe; crawl into some rat-hole of everlasting nothingness." "Paupers," indeed, and such, forsooth, have disbelievers of prevailing beliefs generally been, despite their benefactions to progress in contrast with the drawbacks of their persecutors. Only a fair retort and paraphrasing of this particular prosecutor's tirades would be the following, with all its uncanniness:

Stand up! you lean, gaunt skeleton—contortionist! —fit representative of a dark, dead past, and a God-distorting theology; stand up! and give an account to intelligence for trifling with the masses, for fostering error and retarding truth in your department of action in this era of beneficent progress. Is it fair, is it be-

coming in you, to "go back" on the best thought of your age? You seem to say, it is not best to entrust the masses with truth; while Professor Huxley says: "There is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is, when the garment of make-believe, by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features, is stripped off." One may counsel moderation, and leave dogmas alone where they seem "the best for those who cling to them, though not absolutely the best;" and yet, "resolute facing of the world as it is," in contrast with your superstitious cringings, expresses my attitude toward those whom I would influence. These, at least, can "draw resolution to meet the ills of life from the impossibility of escaping them" better than from any phase of error. The world's experience, at best, in resorting to error for consolation is well illustrated by the self-inflicted tortures of savages over their dead. A possible consolation is obtained, but at fearful cost.

In your flippant talk of orthodoxy's consolations you ignore its inflictions. You depreciate past orthodoxies —of predestination, damnation of infants, and of heathen never having heard of Christ, etc., etc.,—yet you should see that the future may similarly disclaim yours, and therefore feel it more incumbent upon you to look well to the foundations for your inflictions. Do you deny these inflictions? Are you not aware of the cloistered prayers and pleadings of concern still kept up for loved ones, and of the sufferings for imagined lost ones? And have you no compunctions of conscience in rendering uneasy the well-meaning man who cannot see his way in orthodoxy, and has not the opportunity to find it outside, and thus lives tremblingly even in health, and sends for you in his last sickness—for a scene? If this does not touch you, let me relate a circumstance: Thirty years ago a kinswoman of mine lost two children by drowning, a sturdy nine-year-old boy and an estimable eighteen-year-old girl. The latter was noble enough to sacrifice her life in trying to save her brother, yet she had been expelled from church for dancing. I was present at the mother's first wringing of the hands. What do you suppose her exclamations were? Were they the natural ones of grief at such a loss? No, they were your "supernatural" ones of, "The Lord have mercy on M.'s soul! The Lord have mercy on M.'s soul!" On my expostulating, she declared that the grief at her loss was as nothing compared with her concern for the daughter's soul. Even you will fail to see the consolation that orthodoxy afforded this Christian mother, who had no more dared to question orthodoxy than our forefathers did, when admitting the justice of hell as their desert for what Adam did.

This poor mother had yet to mourn, with the same dreadful portents, the loss of a husband by cholera and two adult sons by accidents. On asking her recently if she still remembered the special sufferings of long ago, she replied: "Oh, yes, and do you know, I felt even worse at W—'s death,"—the last one. No wonder she added that death would be a relief to her. Orthodoxy had aggravated wounds that nature would have tended to heal. You could only say to her, as through your publications you say to many, "Yes, 'tis hard, but what are you going to do about it? God has said it, and you can't go back on God." If you spent a hundredth part of the time to find out if God really did say it that you spend after begging the question, to bolster it up, your consolations would not be a burlesque and a disgrace.

Again I ask, what about your orthodox consolations when orthodoxy cannot possibly give them, but gives perfect despair instead? I have indicated your necessary answer to the simple-minded, whom you have drilled in a terrifying "infinite justice," but I am now arraigning you in behalf of intelligence and demand an answer without equivocation. Yet I know such demands are futile. Evolution seems to be using you in the pitiable capacity of a cat'spaw, to perpetuate errors as a "necessary evil."

—C. C. DILLS.

Piqua, Ohio, May, 1899.

Good Poetry.

Bringing Home the Summer.

(Old May-day Custom.)

Somewhere by tinkling brooks and dappled shades,
The Lady Summer wanders with her maids
From lands where late, in groves with myrtle sweet,
The scented blossoms drifted round her feet,
The swallows' fleet, with dusky wings for oars,
Convoyed her northward to our colder shores;
Come youths and maidens, through the meadows roam
In laughing troops, to bring the Summer home.

These be her virgins fair, in snowy smocks,
Close nestling to the rough, grey-bearded rocks;
And these her heralds gay, who climb to blow
Their scarlet trumpets for the host below.
Encamped in every leafy dell are seen
Her merry men, clad all in Lincoln-green.
Come twine your garlands, sing your roundelays,
Bring home the Summer to our garden ways.

Awhile she hides, yet merry winds betray
Each happy covert where her footsteps stray.
And nearer soon her maiden cheek will glow
With tender flushing through the orchard's snow,
The rose will wake, the cloistered lilies tall
Weave robes of samite for her coronal.
Blow, pipes of Pan! through echoing wood and plain,
Bring home the Summer to her broad domain!

—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

Oh, glad am I that I was born!
For who is sad when flaming morn
Bursts forth, or when the mighty night
Carries the soul from height to height!

To me, as to the child that sings,—
The bird that claps his rain-washed wings,
The breeze that curls the sun-tipt flower,—
Comes some new joy with each new hour.

Joy in the beauty of the earth;
Joy in the fire upon the hearth;
Joy in the potency of love,
In which I live and breathe and move.

Joy even in the shapeless thought
That some day, when all tasks are wrought,
I shall explore the vasty deep
Beyond the frozen gates of sleep.

—*Harriet Prescott Spafford.*

Singing to future men of "Future Man," an English poet, Rennell Rodd, declares:

They shall build their new romances, new dreams of a world to be;
Conceive a sublimer outcome than the end of the world we see;
And their maids shall be pure as morning and their youths shall be taught no lie,
But all shall be smooth and open to all men beneath the sky,
And the shadows shall pass that we dwell in, till under the self-same sun
The names of the myriad nations are writ in the name of one!

Let doubting minds despair of good;
Ours be the wiser attitude,
That holds Life's discords but to be
Preludes to higher melody,
The tunings of Earth's violins
Before Heaven's harmony begins.

—*Anon.*

The wise and active conquer difficulties,
By daring to attempt.

—*Rowe.*

The Pulpit.

Reinterpreting Religion.

A Sermon by A. H. Spence, Jr., of the Senior Class of the Meadville Theological School.

And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it.—Isaiah xxx:21.

I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong. —First John, ii:14.

The future is beyond; the present is now; the past is behind. The future is to be realized; the present is being realized; the past has been realized. Whatever is being worked out in the present is conditioned by all that has been worked out in the past, and whatever is to be worked out in the future will be conditioned by what has been worked out in the past, plus what is now being worked out in the present.

"The past," says Carlyle, "is the true fountain of knowledge, by whose light alone, whether consciously or unconsciously employed, can the Present or the Future be interpreted or even guessed at."

Perhaps this statement of Carlyle's is true. We will not be dogmatic about that yet. However, this sermon undertakes to maintain that the statement, "The Past is the true fountain of knowledge," is good so far as it goes, but that it is not a complete statement of the way we interpret or judge the present or the future. That it is true so far as it goes will be shown by a paradoxical statement, after which the completing thought will be added and the true way to judge present or past shown.

For many people the past is considered as no true fountain of knowledge, or, indeed, as no fountain at all, or light by which the present or future can be interpreted or guessed at. These people say: We live in the present, we face toward the future; the past for us has little or no concern. The past is simply the sum of our experiences lived out and transcended, together with more or less of interpretation of these experiences, made from time to time, and now rendered useless. True, these experiences were, at the time, many of them, pleasant and joyful; but now we have grown beyond and forgotten them, and only occasionally does there come a stray remembrance to light up the countenance with a faint flush of joy. It is also true that in some of our experiences we have become acquainted with another side of life; we have known the unreality of untrue living, felt the biting sting of sin and shame, from here, too, occasionally there has come a stray remembrance, a presence unwelcome, and one we long to forget. All of these experiences we have grown beyond and left behind. The past is past; our concern is with the present, and so we move out to act in this present. This is a line of thought which is put forth repeatedly by some individuals, and sometimes, indeed, finds statement in our own lives.

Are we always aware of where this leads? Not always, I fear. Let us see just where it does lead. Of course, as a matter of fact, it is utterly impossible for any one to crowd out the past completely. Some of its experiences and lessons are always with us in the present as a basis for action. The biological student will see at once that such facts are the condition of life. But to show that we must admit the past, must make it yield something of value for us, must build on its material, I have assumed that it is possible to keep out the past entirely and act only in the present. What is the result?

All action, at least all intelligent action, is conditioned by thought. Let me state it the other way around: Whatever body of thought one holds in mind tends to issue forth in action, and as the body of thought varies the action of the individual will vary. Now, in those persons who would, and for that reason mostly do, forget the past, the body of their thought is all derived from the present and they act from this. What is the nature of their action? So far as they are successful in keeping out the past, it is a simple, responsive reaction. To-day is occupied with learning and doing that which they learned and did yesterday, forgotten the moment it was done. If we draw our conception of what we mean by the present still closer, and instead of to-day, by that meaning perhaps a day, week or year, substitute this very moment, it will be seen that it is impossible to have or hold any thought at all; we are only creatures of unthinking reactionary movement. We are no better than the jellyfish, for all that would be characteristic of us remains forever impossible to us. Such is the argument carried out to its last resting place. The admittance of the past into consideration of the present thought and life, is an absolute necessity. The part played by memory, be it in the individual or the written history of nations, is of supreme importance. We need to correct a tendency of some minds to cast slighting reflections on the past.

Granted then that we admit the Past, the other half of Carlyle's saying remains yet; it is the only light by which the present or future can be interpreted or even guessed at. This is of vital concern to us as young men and women who are soon to leave these walls to go out into the world and attempt to interpret religion—the world's greatest need—in such manner as to meet and mold the time's demands. When we turn back to see what the past has for us it does not become altogether evident at once what the message is. The ordinary ear is dulled and hears no word, but to the patient observer, turning over with patient toil the facts of the past, there comes ever and anon the sound of a faint voice, calling: "This is the way, this is the way; walk ye in it." The voice grows stronger, clearer, more persuasive, and one follows and becomes a ready disciple. We are not to be discouraged by first sight; we are to wait, apply tests, and then we shall see what the past has for us.

Let us face our own past experience, bring it up before us, and test it. We will single out any one experience, and while we hold it in view ask ourselves this question: What has this experience for me; is there any meaning or lesson in it which lies hidden, for which I am to search, and, finding, appropriate? Is there anything here in this experience which I can carry over into to-day's experience to serve with whatever modifications to-day makes, as a basis for to-day's actions? A step in advance now: Let us call up in review a field of experiences. Out of the field let us see which experiences stand out prominently, which occupy minor positions, and, most vital of all, what are the relations existing between all these experiences; what tendencies have been in action, which of them dropped out, which remain and in what condition are they, whither do they lead, what value have they for us in to-day's life? This is the way to make the past yield something. From the past we are to take our material and the history of its interpretation. To this we are to add the new material which to-day's experience brings. Place the two together and then try to interpret the whole and see what it has for us to-day, what basis it affords for to-morrow's actions. Only thus do we grow, only thus do we progress. He who does not interpret his past never makes it yield anything, never grows in character; he is forever learning and doing the things he did yesterday, some of which gave pleasure, some pain, and all of which he would transcend but knows not how, or, knowing how, has never educated his will to enable him to transcend them.

You see the application to my theme. He who is to minister to the world's needs, he who is to have a

vital, living message, that shall appeal to the hearts of his hearers as just that which interprets their experience and makes it plain, must be forever restating the religious experience of his own and the world's past, conserving whatever is true and pure and beautiful. Together with this he must place whatever he has assimilated from the present of that which is true and pure and beautiful, working over the whole body of his thought, and give it straight out to the world as his latest, best and utmost thought. He will not lack for hearers. The world is always ready to listen to any man who has somewhat to say concerning what is deepest in life, who offers some solution to its problems, who contributes something to the purity of its aspirations. The more our experience deepens the more do we feel that the world needs religion, that religion is its utterest need. By religion I do not mean a statement of it which is outgrown, but a statement of it which is the product of the last and best thought, which I believe is adequate to the world's needs, and if the religious interpreters of the future are as true to their calling then as we ought be now, then religion will always be adequate, always be a guiding and sustaining force.

"The present faces us; face to face with us it stands,
With solemn lips of question, like the sphinx in
Egypt's sands."

The present faces us, it asks what have we to say, what have we to offer. From our experiences, little and limited as they are, this reply comes:

Religion is and has been the center of the world's circle of thought and life. We maintain this because personal action issues from personal thought, and the body of thought we hold is continued by the attitude we sustain toward the universal. More briefly stated, my attitude toward the universal conditions my actions. Religion is the descriptive word applied to man's attitude toward the universal. We may now put the thought into its final form: Religion conditions life, whose inner side is thought and feeling, whose outer side is action. Is this true tested by our experience, does religion temper and mold life? Let us see. What one of us has not known times, and many of them, too, when we have taken our partial, restless, disquieted souls out and held them up against the background of the universal and found them broadened, purified, comforted, deepened, beautified and blest? What one of us has not known times when we have done that which our deepest insight told us was right and felt the severe strength and abounding life as we realized that we were at one with the cosmic forces reaching upward and onward? Is it not our deepest experience that our actions are conditioned by our religion? And unless there be that which illumines and inspires life, will not life grow cold and dull and sordid?

This is my interpretation of the value of religion, as I read it out of my own life and the world's. Religion itself I interpret as the body of thought, feeling and action, existing because and modified by our attitude to the larger life within which we are inclosed. I make religion distinct from religions as being the underlying spirit beneath all symbols, be they creeds or institutions, as finding only temporary, partial expression in these, always tending to transcend them for expression in a higher vessel, only to transcend it in turn.

The world sorely needs to hear this. The cause of religion to-day is suffering because people confound the index or symbol with that which is indexed or symbolized through or by means of these aids. Because here and there in numerous places the symbols have lost their significance, the conclusion is reached that religion is waning, when the truth is that the spirit underlying the symbol can no longer find adequate expression there and has left the vessel to seek higher expression.

We need to see two truths here which we can bring over from the past: First, religion is a spirit ever seeking higher expression; second, symbols are resting points, "midway helps till he reach fact indeed," as Browning has it. We are always to be restating religion, always to be finding better and more adequate symbols for it. Otherwise we are untrue and our response to the world's needs will be inadequate, little noticed and little valued. To you and me it is given to be couriers of religion, eager to deliver our news, news not of a religion which has found complete and final expression, but a growing religion which conserves whatever is excellent, pure and true in the past and assimilates of the present whatever is excellent, pure and true,—couriers, bearers of a vital, living religion, adequate to to-day's problems and deepest life. I can conceive of no more glorious calling. Here we may rest our case as regards method of procedure and the value of the method. A little more remains to be said. Granted the method and its value, granted the necessity and need of a growing religion, are there any indications as to what may be some of the characteristics of the religion of the future? We may safely venture a few things.

The religion of the future is to be more reasonable and enlightened. The freest possible inquiry will be granted to reason; no precinct of knowledge or faith will be closed to it. It is not a task at once simple and easy to place religion on a sound and rational basis, yet the attempt must be made, indeed accomplished, or else when the sun of skepticism is up religion will wither and die, because it had no depth of root. An atrophied intellect must not be made the condition of holding one's religious beliefs. Religion must command the allegiance and sanction of the fullest, freest reason. We must rationalize our faith. Faith is a growing, deepening thing, and probably always precedes reason, but reason treads close in faith's footsteps, interpreting the facts which faith indicates and gives to the on-following world the results. So we may look for a deeper, more assuring faith, a more rational faith.

The religion of the future will be more Christ-like. We are slowly, painfully sometimes, interpreting the historic past which encircles this character. We are removing many of the legends, myths and mistaken ideas which have gathered around Jesus, and are learning more of him as he was in his native simplicity. We will not claim that he was perfect, for we know contingent elements of time and place entered into his character. Whatever lessons the future may learn from him this fact will stand out supreme: His attitude toward the world was right, a lesson which all the ages since his time have been confirming. This attitude of forgiving enemies, of returning good for evil, of loving submission, will remain for all time as the eternal attitude that leads to strength, peace, comfort and joy.

Our ideas in the future will change as to what constitutes holy writ. The old division walls between sacred and secular history are "wearing thin," being broken through in spots. Because of this we are coming to see that all history is sacred in that it is the record of the inworking and upworking of a great world spirit. So we may with safety venture the thought that the old distinction between sacred and secular literature will go. The Bible will still be the book of books; the great poem of Job, the yearnings of the Psalmists, the magnificent utterances of the Second Isaiah, the simple, beautiful stories of the loving hearted Nazarene, will more and more commend themselves to our hearts; but we shall not be unmindful of the fact that in the literature of all times and places can be found the deep, loving, reverent spirit that ap-

peals to our deepest life and is helpful in its growth. The religion of the future will be based on the simple and eternal things, the more hopeful and lovelier things. If it is true, as we believe it is, that religion conditions life, then in the future days there will be a life simpler, more hopeful, more helpful, more blessed than any we have yet known.

Was there ever an age that presented a more glorious opportunity than ours to-day? To us in the untried strength of youth and vigor, to us in possession of glowing enthusiasm, to us in the promise of years of toil and labor, to us who have the courage, daring, and, over and above all, the faith, to us possessing all these is given the rich heritage of the past and the constantly growing material of the present to reinterpret, to restate and then give to the world as our best and the best, utmost thought. Oh, let us lay hold on the opportunity and work out the larger realization, the deeper, truer, more blessed thought and act!

This is the way!

I speak unto you, young men, because ye are strong.

Sonnet.

Great truths are portions of the soul of man;
  Great souls are portions of Eternity!
Each drop of blood that e'er through true heart ran
  With lofty message ran for thee and me;
For God's law, since the starry song began,
  Hath been, and still for evermore must be,
That every deed which shall outlast Time's span
  Must goad the soul to be erect and free!
Slave is no word of deathless lineage sprung,—
  Too many noble souls have thought and died,
Too many mighty poets lived and sung,
  And our poor Saxons, from lips purified
With martyr-fire, throughout the world hath rung
  Too long to have God's holy cause denied.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

The affections are the blossoms of the soul. If with the progress of years their beauty fades and their objects change; if they do not always have the kind of immutability and eternity their givers promise; if hearts at sixty are a very different thing from what they were at twenty, it is not necessarily because they have been fickle, false, erratic, nor because love itself has nothing eternal about it. It is because nature with its own hand has wrought their change, because there is something in them deeper and diviner than their outward blossom, which it is aiming to produce; a fruitage from them in the soul's very substance to which their fading was but a needed step.

It is this which the old Bible writer meant when he said, not that God loves, but that "God is love." There are human beings of whom in a measure the same thing is true. They are love—have its sweetness and beauty diffused through their whole being; have it flowing forth not to one or two objects but to all things. It is the only kind of love which is really eternal. Who shall say that the man or woman who has reached it in any degree, even though every friend through whom it came is dead or estranged, and even though the outward part of itself has perished, is not the gainer?—*"From the Perishable, the Permanent," by John C. Kimball, in "Life Studies."*

A grand discussion comes from Rev. E. J. Stewart of Battle Creek, Mich., delivered at a home-coming of patriots. There is not a line of whining over war or of pessimistic profundity, as there is not a line that fails to breathe the true love of peace. Mr. Stewart's spirit is broad and liberal—not narrow and bigotedly radical. I have seen nothing better on the war we have been compelled to wage for God and humanity.

"Take life as you find it, but don't leave it so."

The Study Table.

Literature For Schools.*

It has taken individualism a long time to secure control of education. Until recently students have been assembled in classes, treated according to some theory of education, and controlled by adults from a superior point of view. While the method of supervision worked fairly well with college students approaching maturity, it was notably ineffective as it determined the work of younger pupils. Who can measure the mis-education due to the imposition of adult standards upon the child! Naturally reforms were first instituted in the primary schools. The need of reform led to what is termed "child-study." It was found that the child itself, its peculiar needs at different stages of its growth, must determine the course of education. The pedagogical center shifted from the teacher to the child. In the kindergarten a scientific basis for education was finally reached. The method of child-study is now being applied to children of an older growth, and the results promise to be as fruitful in the upper grades as in the lower.

It has been reserved for Dr. Lewis to make the first attempt to select a body of literature adapted to the needs of classes in literature, where the average age of the pupils is about fourteen. Or, rather, Dr. Lewis has done the editing, while his fourteen-year-old pupils made the selection, reading at large in a library and selecting what appealed to them at the moment. In his editorial capacity Dr. Lewis wrote the introductions, elaborated a rather cumbersome definition of literature, appended critical notes and literary tables, and incidentally stated the reason for allowing his pupils their right of way. His argument is presented in these words: "The student's *highest normal interests* are the chief thing to regard in grading. It must be ascertained by what stages the imagination, the emotions, and the character develop. Imagination is strong throughout youth, but it is developed now by one interest, now by another. Emotions which are embryonic to-day are blossoming to-morrow. To discover the stages is the first task. The second is to furnish the particular masterpieces indicated. Theoretically, there is a masterpiece for every month of the student's life. The surest way of learning where the masterpieces fit is to allow the student to browse in a library." Inasmuch as this is what the adult has always done, it is curious that it has never occurred to a teacher to permit his pupils to do the same. In pursuit of the first task Dr. Lewis finds the feelings blossoming normally at fourteen to be as follows: A wholesome sense of fun; a love of nature in her fresh and woodsy moods; courage, endurance, fidelity, loyalty; a reasonable sense of bodily vigor; love of adventure; a desire for practical success; aspiration, hope, perseverance, faith; a strong love of one's parents and home, if one is not treated like a child; admiration for courtesy, mercy and heroism. The second task was accomplished by the students themselves, and the masterpieces selected of their free will furnish a most interesting and suggestive study on several grounds. The pieces are about equally divided between poetry and prose. They are primarily artistic rather than didactic or reflective, place being given to what is interesting in itself, and stimulates feeling and imagination. There is little choice on the ground of form alone. The authors are nearly all modern, the exceptions being Spenser, Shakespeare, George Herbert and a few eighteenth century writers. Of prose forms the story and vivid description are pre-

*"Literature for Secondary Schools." Introduction to the Study of Literature, edited by Edwin Herbert Lewis, Ph. D. Macmillan, New York.

ferred. The subjects chosen refer to animals, their nobility, the heroism of peace and war, athleticism, adventure, the home affections, nature in her different poetic moods, the ideal of personal nobility, witty and humorous themes, and subjects relating to the future. The entire selection indicates a normal and healthy attitude toward life and nature. The book is a genuine revelation in several regards of likes and dislikes. If the education of the imagination and the feelings thus happily begun might be continued till the student is twice fourteen years of age there would be a fair chance of developing in America a genuine æsthetic man—some signs of whom are even now appearing.

Not the least interesting portions of the book are Dr. Lewis' own introductions to the several themes, which vie with the selections themselves as examples of good writing, alike stimulating to the imagination and instructive to the understanding. On the whole this is a book to which one can give unqualified approval.

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

Chicago University.

A Biblical Commentary.*

This exegetical study, as the author calls it, is a discursive analysis written in full and polished literary form. The interpretation is by first intention historical, but the pages are rich with the practical and theological reflections of a mind which is studying a canonical document. The work is a commentary, but it is a commentary in the interest of Biblical theology. Its high scholarship and discriminating expression are guaranteed by the name of Dr. Bruce.

With regard to the origin and address of the Epistle, Dr. Bruce decides in favor of the older and more common view. An author of Alexandrian culture, writing shortly before the year 70 A. D., addresses Jewish Christians, who are most probably resident in Jerusalem. This question is not adequately considered and the reviewer finds himself reinforced in deciding for the Roman address and a date at the end of the century.

Although Dr. Bruce is no slave to the letter and recognizes that much of the argument is related to vanished interests of thought, he adheres devoutly to the leading religious conceptions presented by the Epistle. It is a disappointment that Dr. Bruce does not take a more clear and decided attitude toward the Christology of the Epistle. A certain vagueness and reserve is shown with regard to some interesting topics, and the reader may have cause to feel that a convenient dustiness has arisen. Apparently the Arian interpretation of Ménézoz is rejected, but what would Athanasius say to "Christ is represented as very near to God in nature?" It is not a comfort to inquirers when the "Deity of Christ" is made synonymous with "having for faith the religious value of God." The vagueness is all the greater since, like the Socinians, Dr. Bruce values the human aspect of the death of Christ as the culmination of a discipline of suffering. The treatment, therefore, lacks the edifying distinctness of Beyschlag, who finds the Christology of the Epistle irreconcilable with the writer's own account of the human life of Jesus and with the utterances of Jesus himself. Dr. Bruce justified the Epistle in "investing with sacerdotal robes one who was the sworn foe of priestcraft." This priestly character of Jesus is supported by the claim that "self-sacrifice and solidarity with sinners" are essential elements of priesthood; if not of priesthood as it is, then of an ideal priesthood. Is not this a gentle relaxation of dogmatic grasp?

F. A. C.

*"The Epistle to the Hebrews. The First Apology for Christianity." By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D. D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York 1899.

"The Federation of the World." Benjamin F. Trueblood, LL. D. Houghton, Miffin & Co., 1899. ($1.00.)

This is a good time to read this book and it is a good book to read. The author is a statesman and a prophet, who ought to have a hearing before the "Peace Congress at The Hague." He has given us a rare little book; the latest, strongest, brightest monograph of a man who has given war and peace, arbitration and federation, a wide, careful, ethical and extremely practical study. Beginning with what the world has been, a sickening battlefield, he asks if there is any hope, any remedy? And the book is not only hopeful, but gives reasons for believing the era of war is near its close, which will open the eyes of some who are just now having a severe attack of militarism.

Chapter fifth, on "The Influence of Christianity in Restoring the Federation Principle," claims the influence has been exerted through a "person (Christ), a Book (New Testament) and a Society (the Church)." "It is needless to say that this principle of the divine kinship of men, set forth and exemplified by Christ, taught with such directness and force in the New Testament, and operative with growing power through the Christian society, in the reconstruction of all human institutions, is the root from which has sprung the modern peace movement."

We need that fine chapter still on "War Ethically Wrong," "fundamentally and everlastingly wrong," that "war has always been a sin of somebody," but the author is not an abstract moralist and his strongest pleas for his positions are in the chapters of "War Anti-Federative," "The New World Society" and "The Growing Triumph of Arbitration." And then with a grand optimism he sees after arbitration federation, "The United States of the World."

Dr. Trueblood has a book here that ought to be read by every clergyman and lawyer and legislator and soldier and workman and mother; in fact, I cannot think of any one who ought not to read this little-big volume, for it gives a clear and comprehensive discussion of one of the most vital and Christian topics in the world.

J. F.

Men's Tragedies. By R. V. Risley. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1899.

Mr. Risley's preface does not much attract us to his book. His stories are, he tells us, studies of intensity. He calls then "terrible tales," and they are so. They are not without power, but they are not pleasant, and we doubt if they are profitable reading. So much of actual life is tragical that we could wish that more writers would introduce us into a world in which things are as they ought to be, and not merely as they ought not to be or are. We are more helped by the exhibition of the best than we are by the exhibition of the worst. Somehow, at the present time we seem to be having, with whatever else, a great outbreak of brutality, and this book is one sign of it. It is a strong but not a healthy book, though there are gleams of sunshine piercing now and then the livid masses of its clouds.

An admirable monograph on "Christ's Credentials" comes from our friend, Hon. Daniel P. Baldwin of Logansport, Ind. It is a strong argument for a certain sort of divinity on the part of Jesus. It carries the after-thought of a skeptical century—after all, have we really explained Christianity in scientific or rationalistic terms?

"Pratt Institute Monthly" sends a most delightful kindergarten number—send to Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., and get it.

If you take temptations into account, who is to say that he is better than his neighbor?—*W. M. Thackeray.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Religion is not a dogma, not an emotion, but a service.
MON.—The wisest and the best is wiser and better for the friends he has.
TUES.—Money spent upon ourselves may be a millstone about the neck: spent on others, it may give us wings like eagles.
WED.—He only is great of heart who floods the world with a great affection.
THURS.—He only is great of mind who stirs the world with great thoughts.
FRI.—He only is great of will who does something to shape the world to a great career.
SAT.—And he is greatest who does the most of all these, and does them best.

—*Roswell D. Hitchcock.*

Down and Up.

Down and up, up and down,
Over and over and over,
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the bright red clover.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

Down and up, up and down,
On the hill top, low in the valley,
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the rose and lily.
Work with a plan or without a plan,
And your ends shall be all shaped true;
Work, and learn at first-hand, like a man,
The best way to know is to do!

Down and up till life shall close,
Ceasing not your praises;
Turn in the wild white winter snows,
Turn out the sweet spring daisies.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

—*A. Ceylirac*

A Smart Donkey.

A farmer had several horses and one donkey. The donkey was always the ringleader in any piece of mischief. Once the farmer fastened the horses in a field next to one where there was a fine crop of oats. The horses looked over into the next field and wished they had some oats, but as they could not jump over the fence the oats were safe.

But soon the farmer saw the horses galloping about and trampling down his oats. He could not imagine how they had gotten in. He supposed some mischievous boy had been playing a trick on him. He drove them out and shut the gate. But the same thing happened three times. Then he decided to catch the tricky person, whoever he might be. So early one morning he went out and watched. Imagine his surprise when he saw the donkey walk up to the gate and pull out the pin, while the horses stood looking on, ready to trot in as soon as the gate swung open.

"Well," said the farmer, "I always thought donkeys were stupid, but I don't see anything stupid about that little fellow."—*Humane Alliance.*

Every employment enables us to ennoble ourselves by an honest endeavor to do our best, or to belittle ourselves by a disgraceful and lazy thought that an imperfect or even slovenly performance will do well enough for this time.—*Joseph Emerson.*

The New Parlor-Maid.

"I'll wait on the door, grandmother," said Elinor, for Mary, the neat little servant who usually did that, was away on a vacation. So grandmother went up stairs after luncheon, as usual, to take her nap. Elinor hunted for a white cap like Mary's, but as she could not find one she put on a red sweeping cap instead. Then she got a very large japanned tray from the pantry for cards, for she could not find the small silver one that Mary used. She sat down on the floor in the wide, old-fashioned hall and finally her head went down on the rug. Just as she was drowsily forgetting some things and remembering others there came a knock on the old-fashioned blind door. The inside doors were open, fortunately, and Elinor sprang up in haste and tried to open the blinds, but they were too much for her to manage. So she opened the slats to see who it was and was delighted to find that it was her friend the minister, who looked smilingly in at her.

"Can you climb in the parlor window?" she asked.

The minister looked at it a moment, then, putting his hands on the sill, he vaulted lightly in, where he was met by the very small parlor-maid, with a red cap much on one side and bearing an enormous tray, which suggested tea much more than cards. However, after explanations, Elinor disappeared to get her grandmother. She came in again without her tray and cap and sat close beside the minister, and serenely ate the caramels he brought her, which was not usual for a parlor-maid to do, but then she was not a usual parlor-maid, you see; and grandmother did not know how the minister got in.—*The Outlook.*

The Soldier's Ride.

A German paper tells this little story of a very courteous act:

Some time ago a soldier was returning to the barracks at Ludwigsburg from an excursion to the suburbs. It was near the time for evening drill, and he was in fear of being late. Suddenly a small vehicle, driven by a man in civilian clothes, appeared.

"May I take the vacant seat at your side, sir?" asked the soldier. "I am late for drill."

"I shall be glad of your company," came the pleasant reply.

The trooper took his seat. A few minutes later, looking at his watch, he grew pale.

"Pardon me," he went on, "but might I ask you to drive faster? I have great fear of my captain, who is a strict disciplinarian. If I am a minute late he will put me in the guardhouse."

"To what barracks to you belong?"

"The K—— barracks."

"Very well; we shall arrive in time."

The driver whipped up his team and in a short time drew up before the gate of the barracks.

"Thank you, sir," said the soldier in descending.

While the son of Mars was still bowing his acknowledgments the officer on duty at the armory had ordered the guard to present arms. The courteous driver of the vehicle was the King of Wurtemberg.—*Exchange.*

No man's thoughts are new, but the style of their expression is the never-failing novelty which cheers and refreshes men.

Wherever a man separates from the multitude and goes his way there is indeed a fork in the road, though ordinary travelers see only a gap.

Progress is the law of life—man is not man as yet.—*Robert Browning.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Chicago.—Union services are being held at the Church of Our Father, No. 844 Burling street, near Oakdale, by the congregations of the Third Universalist and Independent Liberal churches. Rev. J. H. Acton fills the pulpit. Excellent music helps to make the services pleasing. The attendance is large and the friends are enthusiastic.

Last Sunday being the last before the vacation season, Mr. Acton spoke of Vacation and Recreation. The object of the vacation was to recreate; to supply what has been exhausted. It was not simply to be idle, nor to change fashionable life in the city to fashionable life at the watering place, but to do that which would rest the tired faculties and restore lost power. Do something new, visit new scenes, and rest. To him the ideal rest would be to lie absolutely quiet in the woods and listen to the flutter of leaves, the hum of insects, and catch the voice of nature.

Some may be able to go where they wish and consult nothing but their own inclinations. They are the fortunate ones, but the multitude can hardly lay down its burden. None are so badly off but they can get a little time now and then, so that they can visit new scenes, even in the city. A few cents and a few minutes will put you into unfamiliar streets. The great nerve and soul-destroying force of the times is worry. It is not the work that drives men to suicide, but the insanity that results from worry. Then we should seek for our vacation such environment as will supply the exhausted energies of our natures. The countryman finds it in the city, and the cityman finds it in the country. Find rest and strength in enjoyment.

U. P. H.

All Souls Church, Chicago.—The following from the Midsummer Announcement of this church shows the summer preaching. With possibly three exceptions, they are all from the ranks—members of the congregation. The Announcement contains also the reading lists, preparatory to the next season's work in the Novel, Philosophy, Browning, Emerson and Bible Study Sections. Those interested in knowing more can receive copy on application to E. T. Leonard, 6600 Ellis avenue.

July 2.—Education in Mexico, Mrs. O. E. Weston.

July 9.—The Republican of Italy, Mrs. Dario Pappe, recently of Milan.

July 16.—American Church Music, Mrs. Joseph Hiner.

July 23.—Social Ethics as Opposed to Social Usage, Miss E. Hawley.

July 30.—Children of the State, with special reference to the recent legislation in Illinois, Mrs. A. P. Stevens.

August 6.—The New Profession, Miss Julia E. Kennedy.

August 13.—(Subject to be announced.) Mrs. Fannie Barrier Williams.

August 20.—The Ethics of Municipal Ownership, Prof. Charles Zeublin.

August 27.—(Subject to be announced.) Hoyt King.

September 3.—The Great White Plague, or the Fight With Tuberculosis, W. K. Jaques, M. D.

September 10.—Our Speechless Friends, Bertha E. Jaques.

AFTER VACATION.

September 17.—An After-Vacation Sermon, by the Pastor.

Green Acre.—The program of this trysting place of those who love peace and high things lies before us with a splendid promise of wise things to be served during July and August. The first week is to be given to peace. Dr. James and Rev. B. Fay Mills are among the speakers. The second week to labor. The third to social reconstruction. The fourth to civics. Edward Everett Hale and Samuel Walter Foss are among the speakers, the latter to speak on poetry and its relation to industry. The fifth to art. The sixth to child study. The seventh, sociology. The eighth to education and the ninth to the federation of the world, during which week Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell and Miss Sarah J. Farmer, the informing genius, will speak the last word. This program engages the afternoons and evenings, while the "Monsalvat School" for the comparative study of religions will occupy the forenoons, Saturdays excepted. The following is the list of lectures in this school:

Dr. Lewis G. Janes, M. A., director, will give a course of lectures on Social Science and Applied Religion, assisted by the Swâmi Abhédânanda of India. The Vedanta Philosophy.

Mr. Virchand R. Gandhi, B.A., M. R. A. S. of Bombay. The Religious Psychology and Philosophy of the Jains.

Mr. T. B. Pandian of Madras, India. Social Customs and Missionary Work in India.

Mr. Shehadi Abd-Allah Shehadi, A.B., formerly of Syria. Social and Religious Customs of the Syrians and Bedouin Arabs of Western Asia.

Rabbi Joseph Silverman of Temple Emanuel of New York. The Talmud.

Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell University. The Hebrew Philosophers.

Mr. Charles Malloy of Waltham, Mass. The Bhagavad Gita.

The program is enriched throughout with rare quotations. For copies or further particulars address Green Acre, York County, Maine.

Civil Service Reform Association of Chicago.—This organization is soliciting signatures to the following letter, which explains itself. We print the text entire, hoping that many of our readers will hasten to send their names as requested.

Chicago, June 24th, 1899.

Dear Sir:—If you favor the open protest to the president (a copy of which appears below) to be sent to him and published when signed by a number of representative friends of civil service reform, please to sign the attached card and mail to the undersigned. This will be taken as authority to attach your name to the original protest.

Yours respectfully,
F. W. BULL, Secretary.

Chicago, June 26th, 1899.

To the President:—

We, the undersigned, citizens of Chicago, hereby enter our earnest protest against the recent revision of the civil service rules. Since the enactment in 1883 of the civil service law each of your predecessors in office "honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable" this great remedial statue. It has remained for you to take the first "backward step" in this fundamental and vital reform.

While the good of the service may have required a few exclusions from the classified positions, there can have been no valid reason for the exemption of some ten thousand places from the operation of a tried and beneficent law. On the contrary, it is the conviction of the public that the order was a concession to the demands of avowed spoilsmen. A revision of the civil rules at the instance of known friends of reform would be one thing; a revision at the demand of its avowed enemies is quite another.

Your action in this matter is something more than a debauchery of the public service. It strikes at the principle of representative government itself. The party platform upon which you were elected contained these words:

"The civil service law was placed on the statute book by the Republican party, which has always sustained it, and we renew our repeated declarations that it shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable."

The concluding paragraph of that official document, referring to each and all of the declarations which preceded it, was as follows:

"Such are the principles and policies of the Republican party. By these principles we will abide, and these policies we will put into execution. We ask for them the considerate judgment of the American people."

Your letter of acceptance contained these words:

"The pledge of the Republican National convention that our civil service laws 'shall be sustained and thoroughly and honestly enforced, and extended wherever practicable,' is in keeping with the position of the party for the past twenty-four years and will be faithfully observed. Our opponents decry these reforms. They appear to be willing to abandon all the advantages gained after so many years' agitation and effort. They encourage a return to methods of party favoritism which both parties have often denounced, that experience has condemned, and that the people have repeatedly disapproved. The Republican party earnestly opposes this reactionary and entirely unjustifiable policy. It will take no backward step on this question. It will seek to improve, but never to degrade public service."

These solemn promises were made with full knowledge of the provisions of the civil service law and of all the extensions of the classified service, including the last one by Mr. Cleveland. They were made to be kept or broken. If the people may not rely on such promises as these, representative government itself is imperiled.

We respectfully protest against, and ask a revision of, the order.

I hereby authorize you to sign my name to above protest,

.....

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They bring comfort and strength to the hearts of the weary and discouraged.—*San Diego Union.*

It strengthens the soul to serve God and bless the World.—*The National Baptist.*

Worn and weary women, facing the daily routine of unescapable duties, will find here consolation and fresh motives to go on.—*Helen Campbell.*

They accept large scientific views of life, its origin and fulfillment.—*The American Hebrew.*

Eminently practical for life's duties.—*Boston Transcript.*

Eight discourses, neither dusty nor dry. They have passed into other languages and have been widely copied in publications of various sects and no sect.—*World-Herald*, Omaha.

The magician's wand is put in our hands and if we will but consent to use it we shall see everywhere about us in that light that seemed so dark a little while ago, gems and treasures inestimable which only wait to be ours by our use of them.—*The Countess of Aberdeen in Preface to the Glasgow Edition.*

In style as classic as was ever penned, and with an imagery the most unique and chaste, what Sam Jones says in the dialect of his section, "Quit you meanness."—*Frances E. Willard.*

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A HISTORY OF THE WARFARE OF SCIENCE WITH THEOLOGY,

IN CHRISTENDOM. By ANDREW DICKSON WHITE, LL.D. (Yale), L.H.D. (Columbia), Ph. Dr. (Jena); late President and Professor of History at Cornell University. 2 vols., 8vo. Cloth, $5.00.

". . . I simply try to aid in letting the light of historical truth into that decaying mass of outworn thought which attaches the modern world to mediæval conceptions of Christianity, and which still lingers among us—a most serious barrier to religion and morals, and a menace to the whole normal evolution of society. For behind this barrier also the flood is rapidly rising—the flood of increased knowledge and new thought; and this barrier also, though honeycombed and in many places thin, creates a danger—danger of a sudden breaking away, distressing and calamitous, sweeping before it not only outworn creeds and noxious dogmas, but cherished principles and ideals, and even wrenching out most precious religious and moral foundations of the whole social and political fabric. My hope is to aid—even if it be but a little—in the gradual and healthful dissolving away of this mass of unreason, that the stream of 'Religion pure and undefiled' may flow on broad and clear, a blessing to humanity. . . . My belief is, that in the field left to them—their proper field—the clergy will more and more, as they cease to struggle against scientific methods and conclusions, do work even nobler and more beautiful than anything they have heretofore done. And this is saying much. My conviction is that Science, though it has evidently conquered Dogmatic Theology based on Biblical texts and ancient modes of thought, will go hand in hand with Religion; and that, although theological control will continue to diminish, Religion, as seen in the recognition of 'a Power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness,' and in the love of God and of our neighbor, will steadily grow stronger and stronger, not only in the American institutions of learning, but in the world at large. Thus may the declaration of Micah as to the requirements of Jehovah, the definition by St. James of 'pure religion and undefiled,' and, above all, the precepts and ideals of the blessed Founder of Christianity himself, be brought to bear more and more effectively on mankind."—*From the Author's Introduction.*

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THE SAFE SIDE.

A THEISTIC REFUTATION OF THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

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By RICHARD M. MITCHELL.

Summary of Contents.—The accidental origin of the Christian Religion. The part taken by John the Baptist; his incentive to action; church neglect of him, and why. Origin of the word Christian. Why Christ was crucified. The teachings of Christ. Adoption of the books of the Old Testament enforced by Christ quoting them. Why so much of Paul and so little of Peter. Why Peter's Gospel was suppressed. Paul's recantation. The ascension. The origin, authorship and service of the Fourth Gospel. The need of faith. Westminster Catechism. Evident shame of the many authors of the Thirteenth Article of Religion. Why the sharp curtailment of the Epistle of James. Inertia of ideas. Importance of Inherited ideas, and the mental laws by which their errors are corrected. Guiding nature of the mental faculties. Courage, memory, imagination and conscience derived through other faculties; action of the latter. Natural depravity. Origin of money. Transformation of idle savages into laborers. Far-reaching effect of a certain edict of Justinian. Cause of the universality of Trinitarianism. Heroism and extinction of the Samaritans. Glimpses of New Testament accounts in the works of Josephus. The same circumstance started both Paul and Josephus on a journey to Rome; both were shipwrecked, etc. Two mentions of Jesus in the New Testament more accurately fit another Jesus mentioned by Josephus. An Egyptian mentioned by Josephus was undoubtedly Christ. (See Acts xxi, 38; Matt. ii, 15.) The "Testimony" an admitted interpolation. The words "who was called Christ," and the probable original words. Triplicate association of ideas suggest that Jesus may have had a rival in the person of Judas mentioned in Acts v, 37. Josephus' account of Pharisees, Sadducees and Essenes, and eulogy of the latter; why that sect not mentioned in the new testament. Worldliness, Conversion, Immortality, closing with Supernatural Supervision.

LETTERS AND REVIEWS.

Mr. Clement Warren, Brooklyn, New York City.

I have just completed for the seventh time a reading of your cogent work entitled "The Safe Side." Every time that I have read the work I have realized its excellence more and more. On each occasion new features have developed. Each page furnishes food for thought, and each chapter (or less) provides a mental meal which absolutely needs digestion and deep reflection before proceeding further. It is a work replete with facts clearly stated and irresistibly put. They may be ignored but cannot be refuted. The information I have gained from reading "The Safe Side" equals the sum total of all that I was possessed of previous to my first reading of it. It throws a flood of light on the subject which only the wilfully blind can ignore, and as a compendium of tersely put truths, is one of the best I have ever read on any subject.

From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matter. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity; that the religion must fall with this; that a revision of doctrine, history, psychology, becomes necessary. This you have undertaken. I may differ here and there from you, but on incidental points only, where you may be right. On the main drift of your essay my sympathies are entirely with you. You have learning, thought, insight, on your side, and I think this volume will attract attention by the honesty with which it presents the claims of reason and avows the good results of obeying the natural laws of the mind. You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

From "Review of Reviews," New York.

The present time is one of great religious discussion in America as elsewhere. Books are written from every conceivable standpoint, and the candid student of religious problems will welcome every honest effort at their solution, while not yielding his own individual right of judgment. Mr. Mitchell's work is an attack upon Christianity—its bible, its church, its doctrine, its founder. Firmly fixed in the belief of a divine existence and the necessity for a religious life in man, the author presents the thesis: The divinity of Christ can be disproved; being disproved, the whole Christian system falls. Mr. Mitchell has been a thorough student of recent biblical criticism and he uses its results freely. He goes far beyond the conservative Unitarian position, for he attacks even the ethical teaching of Jesus. Many orthodox readers will sympathize somewhat with the view Mr. Mitchell takes of the clergy. He emphasizes strongly the great amount of social wealth which yearly goes to support church "club houses" and the ministry, which to him appears a serious waste. Generally speaking the volume has been produced in a spirit of great candor. Throughout it is ably written, in clear, fitting language. * * *

From Andrew D. White, LL.D., ex-President of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

I have delayed acknowledging your book until I could have the opportunity to give it a more careful examination. I have now done so, and wish to thank you for it heartily. It seems to me full of valuable information which persons studying the great question to which you refer should have at their command. It also seems very suggestive of thought, and likely to bear useful fruit among investigators.

Any one who in these days is willing to give his labor to opening up these great subjects to the light is, in my opinion, rendering a great service to Christianity itself—a service which, however much it may be depreciated now, will be honored later, when the leaders of thought shall have given the honest attention to the whole subject which it dererves.

Mr. Edward Howe, New York City.

I have given your book a third reading and admire it more than ever. * * * Such a book as yours is greatly needed to clear the theological atmosphere, and I hope it will be very widely circulated. * *

Prof. Hudson Tuttle in "The Better Way."

A more thoroughly honest and impartial criticism on Christian doctrines and the claims of Christianity has not been published. It is logical and argumentative, but never partisan. It presents the strongest arguments for Christianity, and then slowly and surely draws the besieging forces of facts and logic around them, undermines them, and at last demolishes them. Unimpassioned as the truth itself, the author proceeds step by step, and when the last sentence is finished, the object for which he wrote the book has been accomplished. The titles of the twenty-one chapters do not convey a complete idea of the author's line of thought, and quotations from pages so diversified would give a yet more inadequate conception. The book grows better from the beginning. Evidently the author wrote slowly and with much thought, and as he proceeded his mental horizon extended, and expression became easier and more certain. After the review of Christianity, the last five chapters, which somewhat diverge, are especially excellent. They are titled: "Inertia of Ideas," "Conversion," "The Safe Side," "Immortality," "Supernatural Supervision." Those who desire to know what the most advanced scholarship has done in the way of Biblical criticism can find it here in this book, condensed and more forcibly expressed. In short, it is a *vade mecum*, a library within itself of this kind of knowledge, and is much that is difficult of access in its original form. The author writes with conviction, which is felt in any one of his plain and terse sentences. There is no circumlocution or word padding to conceal poverty of ideas. He writes because he has something to say, and says it without fear or favor, because he feels that it is true.

From the Boston "Investigator."

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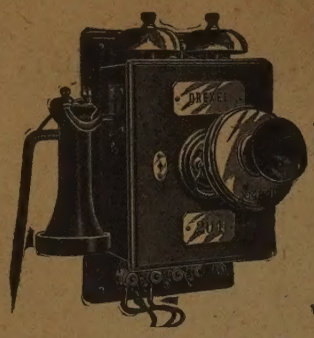

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